

DEATH THEIR CURE FOR GIRLHOOD WOE.

Troubled About a Dress Belle Webb Tries to End Her Life.

COLD LETTER TO MOTHER.

Chrissie Hoffer Disappears, and Leaves the Question, Is She Married or Dead?

Beautiful and accomplished, intelligent and clever, well-born and carefully reared—such is Belle M. Webb, now lying at the New York Hospital, in dire illness from coal gas poison inhaled with suicidal intent.

Tall, slender, raven black hair, dark brown eyes, fine complexion, pretty and graceful—that is the description of Chrissie Hoffer, Chrissie of Maywood, who is married or dead, perhaps is both married and dead.

Tall, plump, with large brown eyes, ruddy cheeks, abundant wavy chestnut hair—this describes Meta Nosschen, dead, who took her own life by inhaling her body being found in the Kill von Kull.

Life seemed too hard for these young women to endure. Each one wrote a letter telling of the intent to die.

Miss Webb probably will die. She has not been conscious since she inhaled the gas during Saturday night or Sunday morning at the boarding house, No. 223 West Fourteenth street. The doctors at New York Hospital say there is a chance for her recovery, but the probability is against this chance.

The distressed mother, Mrs. George Webb, and her son, W. Watson Webb, arrived yesterday from Chester, Pa. Mrs. Webb first called at the West Twentieth Street Police Station to inquire where her daughter and daughter also to get the letter addressed to her. Then she went to the hospital and saw her unconscious child. During a part of the afternoon she sat in the office of the hospital, ready to answer a call should her daughter regain consciousness or should the alternative happen.

Mother Doesn't Know Why. "Belle is twenty-seven years old," said this troubled mother, a woman whose appearance is sufficient recommendation. "I have not known of anything that should make her want to die. The doctors give me hope." They say she has a chance for recovery.

Mrs. Webb said she had not been informed whether her daughter had been engaged to George H. Harris, the Philadelphia newspaper man, who recently committed suicide. The letter that the daughter wrote to her mother is said almost to be a letter of farewell. This is the letter:

A dress has been made for me by the dressmaker, and I enclose about \$50 in it. I give you \$10 to go to the store and buy the dress, with the things she furnished, would make a nice part of the afternoon. It would be worth getting. Key to keep in it pocketbook. [This sentence scratched out.]

There is a postscript—a woman's postscript—indicating her intent to commit suicide.

"Farewell. Don't grieve. Am not worth it."

The detectives are trying to learn the name and address of the woman who called at Miss Webb's boarding place on Sunday morning and asked that the door be forced open. She had knocked and had received no answer.

Mrs. Webb is staying with Mrs. Underhill, the mother of the Florence Home for Working Girls at No. 140 East Fourth street, where her daughter lived until a week ago. When she left she explained that she chose another place to live because she liked to attend the theatre, and the rules of the Florence Home prohibit the companions of its rooms to be out later than 10 o'clock at night. To Mrs. Underhill, it was that Miss Webb addressed the note beginning "I am going to end it all tonight."

Dead or Well? Chrissie Hoffer, of Maywood, wrote to her parents, telling that she had determined to take her life, because she had been accused of theft. She wrote also that for six months she had been the wife of Charles Laird, of Union Hill, whom she had married secretly. But fair Miss Chrissie may not have fulfilled her threat to die. Possibly she has gone with the meaning of that part of the letter written by the girl that declared her purpose to kill herself because Mrs. Moore had accused her of theft.

Mrs. Moore is indignant that she is charged with making an accusation that provoked a sensitive young girl to suicide. "I never accused Chrissie of theft," she says. "I cannot see why she should write such a thing. I thought her honest, and she was very kind to my child. The only objection I had to her conduct was her encouragement of this man Laird. I told her some time ago that while Chrissie was here, and I may have hinted some suspicion of Laird, but I never thought Chrissie dishonest."

The search for pretty Chrissie and for Laird proceeds vigorously. Poor Meta Nosschen was driven into the way by her mother, who was a simple, happy-hearted girl, working in the house of William Took, No. 18 One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. During July and August the family was away and Meta was in charge of the house. Too much freedom, perhaps. There is a tragedy condensed in the brief note in the pocket of her dress: "I was an innocent woman before I met you. Now I want revenge and will look for satisfaction to the law. But never mind. All my friends have gone back on me. Good-by, and God bless you."

ABDUCTED A YOUNG WIFE No Trace of Mrs. Still Can Be Found, and Her Assaults Are Threatened with Lynching. [206]

Warrensburg, Mo., Sept. 20.—Six days have elapsed since the young wife of Andrew Still was abducted by the drunken farmer boss, Hull, McKeehan and Jackson, and no trace of her can be found. Feeling is still running high in Jefferson township, where the outrage was committed, and the conviction has become a fact that murder has been added to abduction and assault. Advice to-day says that the missing woman has not returned to Warrensburg, which disproves the story of young Hull that she was placed on the train to Leeton and sent to that place.

All concerned are now under arrest, but they stoutly deny any knowledge of the whereabouts of their victim. From present indications the anger of the people of Jefferson township will be beyond restraint if the woman is not soon found.

The dukes from merry England come a long way to find a bride. They are very persistent, and usually win the game. It might occur to these noble dukes to insert a "Want" in the Journal and they would get just what they are looking for and would save considerable expense.

Dolly Was Wed Behind the Bars.



DOLLY ADAMS.

Dolly Adams, a vaudeville actress, loved to destruction Frederick Hillmeyer, Millionaire Henry Hillmeyer's only child, twenty-three-year-old boy. They grew up together—or at least Freddie did, Dolly having already grown up—beside the bounding shores of Park Rockaway.

Freddie promised to marry Dolly, September 12 last, at her flat, No. 1626 Park avenue. Instead of doing so he ran away to Albany with the wedding presents. When he returned Dolly had him arrested on a charge of grand larceny, and in default of \$1,500 bail he was locked up in the Harlem Prison. His case came up yesterday. Dolly asked him what it should be, prison or freedom.

So They Were Married. Drunks, thieves and professional crooks saw the strange wedding ceremony in the prison. It was performed by the Rev. T. J. Wagoner, of the German Baptist Church, One Hundred and Eighteenth street, near Second avenue. Bail in \$1,000 was furnished by Alderman Wund, and Freddie went forth a free man, and was led away by his wife to her Park avenue flat—a sad, wide bridegroom. Colonel Bob Hunt, keeper of the prison, was the first to salute the bride.

The courtship of this wedded pair was even rougher than the course of true love usually is.

CHAPTER I. The story begins at Park Rockaway. Henry Hillmeyer, father of the groom, is president and sole boss of the hotel trust which includes the West End Casino, Dilling's Hotel, Hillmeyer's Annex Hotel and the Hillmeyer cottages.

Freddie, who was then sixteen years old, worked in the Casino, and there, between the sobs of the sad sea waves, he heard Dolly Adams sing, and saw poetry of motion in her dancing. It was the old story: Love, an enchantment ring, and finally a tearful prayer to papa Hillmeyer to make them happy.

"Sit," quoth papa Hillmeyer. If you marry that woman I'll cut you off with a dollar. She is old enough to be your mother."

Shortly after that Dolly left the Casino and went to her flat at No. 1626 Park avenue, whither Freddie followed her, thus breaking the paternal fury. They decided to be married Sept. 12. Dolly ordered her trousseau and a wedding cake for herself, and silver shaving cup and gold watch and locket as wedding presents for Freddie.

CHAPTER II. The wedding morn dawned in much the usual manner. Dolly got up early to assist in decorating the flat with roses. When she had made it look like a bower paradise, she ran to call Freddie. But Freddie was not there. He had taken with him the

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FREDERICK HILLMEYER

gold watch, cheap at \$40; the gold locket, fair value for \$20; a pair of diamond earrings worth \$50, and \$300 spot cash. There was a note on Freddie's dressing table saying he had gone to Albany. But that didn't keep the horrid wedding guests from arriving, nor the unhappy Dolly from fainting. Next morning she carried her troubles to Harlem Police Court and got a warrant for Freddie.

He arrived at 8 a. m., September 18. When he stepped off the steamer Doug Richmond Dolly caught him in her arms and kissed him so heartily that the captain of the Richmond nearly missed making a graceful landing.

The next instant the heavy hand of the law in the person of Detective Hannigan fell upon him and he was tipped off to a police court. Dolly fainted when the complaint was read. The Magistrate held the youth in \$1,500, and of being able to furnish bonds he was locked up.

CHAPTER III. Two days before his son's arrest Papa Hillmeyer had sailed for Europe. Before leaving he made a will in which he bequeathed his fortune to his wife and gave to his son Freddie a legacy of \$1.

CHAPTER IV. When Frederick Hillmeyer was arraigned in Magistrate Simms's court yesterday Dolly wanted to withdraw the charge. The Judge refused her. "Marry us, Your Honor," she supplicated.

A Great Rug Sale!

O'Neil's.

An Oriental Rug Sale.

Over nine hundred Antique and Modern Oriental Rugs, small, medium and large sizes, go on sale this morning.

They were imported especially for us and are exceptionally handsome.

At these prices they are the greatest Rug Bargains New York has ever seen.

CARABAGHS, 3.98, 4.98, 5.50, 7.50, Worth 5.00 to 9.00.

DAGASTANS, 7.50, 8.50, 9.75, 11.98, Worth 9.50 to 15.00.

SHIRVANS, 7.98, 8.98, 9.98, 15.00, Worth 10.00 to 18.00.

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75 Pairs **BED SETS,** 5.98, 7.98, 9.98 and 12.50, Worth 6.50 to 15.00.

500 Yards of **RICH SATIN DAMASK,** Formerly 3.50 to 5.00 yard, SPECIAL 2.25 and 2.75.

350 Pairs **TAPESTRY PORTIERES,** Assorted Styles, 2.75, 3.38, 4.25 and 5.67, Worth 3.50 to 7.50.

75 Pairs **BAGDAD PORTIERES,** Beautiful Colorings, Fringed, 3.88 pair.

Couch Covers to match, 2.25

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with uplifted hands and streaming eyes. "Never!" cried the Judge. Hillmeyer said, feeling he was not guilty of the crime charged. He declared the wedding presents taken to Albany had been given to him in advance of the ceremony. The cash, he said, was his very own.

"The watch is mine," insisted Dolly, and she struck to it. On that the Magistrate held Freddie in \$1,000 for the Grand Jury. Back to prison went Freddie, hugged and kissed by Dolly till the jealous bolts and bars shut her out. "Marry me, Freddie; marry me!" she pleaded.

"Get a clergyman," said Freddie, falling on the hard pallet, exhausted. There was a flash of pink shirt waist, and before the clock struck 1 Dolly was back with the following articles, to wit: One minister.

One wedding ring. One five dollar bill for Freddie to give to the minister who the knot should be tied. "Oh, you horrid bars!" Dolly cried. "I will not be married through you, for it would be like a knife cutting our friendship."

Then "Old Rob" Hunt, the keeper, told Dolly she could go inside and be married. The wedding company was made up on one hand by crooks, thieves and penniless drunks, on the other of the employees of the prison. The onlookers passed no very refined remarks on the appearance of the bride and groom. It was soon over. Freddie gave the minister the \$5, kissed his blushing bride and went back to his cell, while Dolly sailed forth to hustle for bail.

In the flat at No. 1626 Park avenue they cut the wedding cake last night and opened wine for all comers. Freddie is to go into the hotel business. It is said.

LOOTED THE PARSONAGE. One Burglar Forced the Priest to Keep His Face to the Wall While His Comrade Robbed.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 20.—Two robbers masked and armed last night looted the parsonage of the Church of the Sacred Heart, situated in the outskirts of the city. They compelled Rev. Father John Prendergast, the assistant pastor, at the point of a revolver, to keep his face to the wall while they ransacked the place.

The robbers secured \$75 in money, a set of silver tableware, a gold and silver chain, a watch and a pistol, and escaped. Father Prendergast and the housekeeper were the only persons in the parsonage. This fact was apparently known by the robbers, who went about their work coolly, taking two hours in which to complete the job.

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PEARY REACHES SYDNEY. Coming Home from Greenland with the Biggest Meteorite in the World on Board the "Hope."

Sydney, C. B., Sept. 20.—The steam sailing bark Hope, with Lieutenant R. E. Peary and party on board, returning from North Greenland, arrived here at 5 o'clock this afternoon. All on board are well.

The Hope is nearly as deep in the water as when she left here in the latter part of July, with her bunkers full of coal, for the huge Cape York meteorite, the largest in the world, is in her hold, and bedded in tons of ballast. Lieutenant Peary has on board also six Cape York Eskimoes, who will go with him when he returns next year to attempt to reach the North Pole.

The expedition visited Cape Sabine, and relics of the ill-fated expedition led by Greely have been obtained. The summer in Bathin Bay was marked by almost constantly stormy weather and by an unusual scarcity of ice.

The Hope will coal here and then proceed to New York, where she will land her meteorite.

Bicycle Fatality to a Peer's Son. London, Sept. 20.—The Honorable Barry Somerset Maxwell, eldest son and heir of Lord Farnham, succumbed yesterday at his father's country seat in Surrey. He received his fatal wound on Tuesday last when his bicycle collided with a stone wall. Mr. Maxwell is a nephew of Colonel Somerset, the well-known Irish Unionist member of Parliament.

Menelik Decorates Bismarck. Berlin, Sept. 20.—Prince Bismarck, who possesses more orders and decorations than any other person in the world, has just received the Grand Cross of the Star of Ethiopia, from King Menelik, of Abyssinia.

FIGHT AGAINST RESCUE. Brave Policeman Nearly Drowned in Holding Above Water a Desperate Suicide.

It was because of no lack of effort on the part of Patrolman John Meagher that Constant Totans died a suicide. In all the policeman's long career on the force he never had a harder struggle than that in which he risked his life yesterday.

It was a little before noon that the crowd of longshoremen hanging about Pier 43 saw Totans walking toward him, his head bent down and his hands sunk deep in the pockets of his trousers. As he crossed the pier a truck came toward him. He stopped and waited until it was close to him. Then he stepped directly in front of it. The driver pulled up his horse, and the truck stopped just in time to save the man from being ground under the wheels. Totans, who had been thrown on his hands and knees, picked himself up quickly, walked to the end of the pier and jumped into the water.

Some of the longshoremen heard the splash, and shouted to Meagher. The policeman threw off his coat and hat and plunged overboard. He caught Totans, and the struggle began. Totans, placing one hand over the back of his head, tried desperately to drown himself by holding his face below the surface. Men on the pier threw a rope to the policeman, and at last both men were pulled out of the water. Then Meagher sank down exhausted and nearly unconscious. Totans was still breathing, and the longshoremen tried to restore him to consciousness by rolling him on a barrel. An ambulance came from the General Hospital and the Hieronymus made an effort to bring the man to it. It was useless, however. Totans was dead on his arrival.

The fatal crime came from France when a boy, and for thirty years has been employed at Monquins's restaurant in Fulton street as a collector. He was widely known, and was very popular. His wife, to whom he had been devoted, last year died of cancer, and since that time has been confined in the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island. Every little while Totans went to see her. He had long entertained the hope that she would recover.

A few days ago he came back from the asylum and told Louis Monquins that his wife had not recognized him. This is the only reason his employers or friends can give for his suicide.

INNOCENT MEN PARDONED Three Released from the Penitentiary Who Did Not Commit the Crime They Were Accused Of.

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Governor Black to-day signed pardons for Joseph Thornton, John Farrell and Thomas Murray, who are now unjustly confined in prison upon long sentences passed in this city.

Early in the morning of February 2, 1885, the National Bank, in the village of Vernon, was entered by burglars and about \$400 in money and \$150 in stamps taken. Two days later three suspicious-looking characters were arrested in Little Falls, and it was thought they were the men. The three men were indicted for burglary, and the case was set for trial in the County Court at Rome, and Sheriff Van R. Weaver, of Utica, located Frank Cassidy, who was serving a short term of imprisonment in Oneida County. Cassidy was arrested on Sept. 20, and he had finished his term.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of the County Court Cassidy pleaded guilty and was sentenced to six years and six months. Before he was taken to Auburn he confessed that the three men were innocent. Murray has been confined at Matteawan for some time, having become insane after his conviction and sentence. The warden, however, says that he is entirely inoffensive, and he will be released at once.

The Wanamaker Store

THOUGHTS OF THE AUTUMN ARE LARGELY ABOUT CLOTHES

The interest in our great Millinery Show only began with last week's first view. As the days for wearing the new Hats come on the great stock will command increasing attention. The facts concerning our Millinery business need to be understood. Our own trimming rooms are up stairs. Paris is—metaphorically—just across the street, so familiar is it and so constant the comings of our milliners with the brightest and best thoughts of the great French authorities in dress.

Yesterday the Store was like a Dress Goods Fair. The Dress Goods were pervasive—everywhere. The prodigal display will continue to-day. Women that are to wear Dresses, dressmakers that are to make them, dealers who think they know the Dress Goods World, are self-deceived until they see, know, digest, comprehend the collection that is shown here.

It cannot be seen in a hurry. A lightning flash, a hasty dash, will tell you nothing. Take your tour through the stocks slowly, deliberately—then you'll see, then you'll know. If seen and known, business is ours to follow.

The splendid novelties cannot be catalogued. Here is a scrap of a list of some of the cheaper sorts—but they are all novelties.

AT 50c A YARD Crepe Cheviots in combinations of black and colors

AT 75c A YARD Whipped Covert Cloths
Sail Cloth Cheviots
Fancy Plaid Cheviots
Boucle Diagonal Cheviots
Fancy Check Cheviots
Matelasse Epingle
Boucle Striped Brocades
Silk Figured Granites

AT 65c A YARD Fancy Mixed Cheviots
Mohair Brocades
Self-colored Armures
Fancy Diagonal Serge

AT 1.25 A YARD Mohair Figured Epingline
Matelasse Epingle
Mohair Brocades
Silk Figured Armures

AT 1.25 A YARD Silk Dotted Epingline Melange
Matelasse Epingle
Silk-and-Wool Velours
Matelasse Nette
Figured Sail Cloth Cheviots
Boucle Figured Novelties
Novelty Star Fish Cheviots
Matelasse Novelties
Silk-and-wool Brilliant
Figured Armures

AT 1.25 A YARD